

Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe,
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how cross:
The Instruments: who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo*.

1. *Murth.* You made it knowne to vs.

Macb. I did so:

And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Doe you finde your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Issue, whose heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for euer?

1. *Murth.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguishe the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you haue a station in the file,
Nor i'th' worst ranke of Manhood, lay't,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth.* I am one, my Liege,

Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,
To spight the World.

1. *Murth.* And I another,
So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being, thrusts
Against my neer'th of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will auouch it: yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance doe make loue,
Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
For sundry weightie Reasons.

2. *Murth.* We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.

1. *Murth.* Though our Liues--

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you,
Within this houre, at most,
I will aduise you where to plant your selues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearenesse; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Fleane, his Sonne, that keeps him companie,
Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: resolute your selues apart,
He come to you anon.

Murth. We are resolute, my Lord.

Macb. He call vpon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Macbeth's Lady*, and a *Servant*.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Servant. 1, Madame, but returns againe to Night.
Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,
For a few words.

Servant. Madame, I will. *Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Then by destruction dwell in doubtful ioy.

Enter *Macbeth*.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of forryett Fancies your Companions making,
Vsing those Thoughts, which should indeed haue dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We haue scorched the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'll close, and be her selfe, whilest our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth,
But let the frame of things dis-ioynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,

Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In restlesse extasie.

Duncane is in his Graue:

After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he sleepe well,
Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Mallice domestique, forraine Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:

Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Iouiall among your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I Loue, and so I pray be you:

Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnfaile the while, that wee must laue
Our Honors in these flattering streames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leaue this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleane* liues.

Lady. But

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable,
Then be thou iocund: ere the Bar hath flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Heccas* summons
The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowfie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuek,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, feeling Night,
Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloodie and inuisible Hand
Cancel and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowie,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowle.
Thou maruell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
Soprythee goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three *Murderers*.

1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?

3. *Macbeth.*

2. He needes not our mistrust, since he deliuers
Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,
To the direction iust.

1. Then stand with vs:
The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurs the lated Traueller apace,
To gayne the timely Inne, end neere approaches
The subiect of our Watch.

3. Hearke, I heare Horfes.

Banquo within. Giue vs a Light there, ho.

2. Then 'tis hee:

The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Alreadie are i'th' Court.

1. His Horfes goe about.

3. Almost a mile: but he does vsually,
So all men doe, from hence toth' Pallace Gate
Make it their Walke.

Enter *Banquo* and *Fleane*, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.

3. 'Tis hee.

1. Stand too't.

Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.

1. Let it come downe.

Ban. O, Trecherie!

Flye good *Fleane*, flye, flye, flye,

Thou may'st reuenge. O Slaue!

3. Who did strike out the Light?

1. Was't not the way?

3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.

2. We haue lost

Best halfe of our Affaire.

1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done. *Exeunt.*

Banquet prepar'd. Enter
Lords.

Macb. You know y
At first and last, the hear

Lords. Thanks to y

Macb. Our selfe wil
And play the humble H

Our Hostesse keeps her

We will requite her we

La. Pronounce it for

For my heart speaks, th

Enter f

Macb. See they encou

Both sides are euen: hee

Be large in mirth, anon w

The Table round. Ther

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's*

Macb. 'Tis better th

Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord his r

Mac. Thou art the l

Yet hee's good that did

If thou did'st it, thou ar

Mur. Most Royall S

Fleane is scap'd.

Macb. Then come

I had else beene perfect

Whole as the Marble, f

As broad, and generally,

But now I am cabin'd,

To sawcy doubts, and

Mur. I, my good L

With twenty trenched

The least a Death to N

Macb. Thanks for

There the growne Serp

Hath Nature that in ti

No teeth for th' presen

Wee'l heare our selues

Lady. My Royall L

You do not giue the Cl

That is not often vouch

'Tis giuen, with welco

From thence, the law

Meeting were bare wi

Enter the Ghost of *Banquo*

Macb. Sweet Ren

Now good digestion v

And health on both.

Lenox. May't plea

Macb. Here had we

Were the grac'd perfe

Who, may I rather ch

Then pittie for Misch

Rosse. His absence

Lays blame vpon his

To grace vs with you